

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
No Engagement Up to Last Night.
Advance of Our Right Wing to
Hagerstown.
THE REBELS FALL BACK TWO MILES.
Scouts Report Them Intrenching.
Their Position One of Great Strategic
Strength.
Gen. Meade Concentrating His Lines.
Reports of Our Recent Operations.
Longstreet Defeated Near Sharpsburg.
HIS FORCES DRIVEN SEVERAL MILES.

No fighting yesterday—The enemy still
This side of the river.
WASHINGTON, July 12.
A dispatch from the headquarters of the army,
dated 8 o'clock this evening says all is quiet. There
was some skirmishing to-day.

There does not seem to be any fear that the enemy
has crossed the river, nor that he can or will cross
without giving battle. There has been a heavy rain
for three hours.

From the Army of the Potomac.
Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1863.
The battle on the Upper Potomac is not likely to
be much longer postponed. Gen. Meade has massed
his troops upon an unusually short line, and is in a
situation to fight if Gen. Lee chooses or is forced to
remain on this side of the Potomac. The Potomac
cannot yet have fallen, and if the heavy showers
which drenched Washington this afternoon visited
the upper river it has risen considerably. The
clouds to-night threaten still more rain. Lee's army
is estimated to be between 50,000 and 60,000 strong.

Capt. Belcher, Maine regiment, taken prisoner by
the Rebels at Gettysburg, escaped from them, and
is now in this city. He says the Rebels only re-
reated four miles during Saturday; that they were
not demoralized or in disorder, but acknowledged
that they were badly whipped. The Rebels took
4,000 Union prisoners, whom Capt. B. saw in the
rear of the Rebel army. The Rebels say Lee was
compelled to fight Meade in a bad location, and that
when he gives the Yankees battle again, he will
certainly be victorious. They estimate their killed
and wounded at 20,000.

The brigade of regulars attached to the Fifth
Corps suffered severely in the late fight at Gettys-
burg. It went into action with 80 officers and 225
men, and lost 36 officers and 472 men killed and
wounded. One of its regiments, the 11th, went
into the fight with 244 men, of whom 117 privates
and officers were killed or wounded. This regiment
has been in every fight, from those during McEl-
lhan's seven days' retreat to Gettysburg.

The Rebel wounded at Gettysburg freely admit
that Lee's forces were terribly defeated. Not a
few, especially from North Carolina, express a de-
sire not to go into the Rebel service again. One
soldier from the Old North State followed Senator
Wilkinson a half mile to tell him that he, with his
fellows, had been impressed into the service, and
that the Old Flag of the Union was dear to him yet.
No man of them is so ignorant as not to know that
the Confederate money is utterly worthless, and
they would discard it altogether did not the Rebel
laws compel them to use it.

Col. Colville, of the 1st Minnesota, is still lying
wounded at Gettysburg with his men, refusing to be
removed till they are cared for. Many of the
wounded are still under fly-bents, hospital-tents not
having yet been received. The Rebel wounded are
to be sent to Point Lookout Hospital, as well as to
David's Island and Chester Hospital, Pa. The Sur-
geon-General is still at the headquarters of the Army
of the Potomac, and will remain until the battle,
daily expected, is over.

The Rebels Crossing at Falling Waters—
Their Pickets Driven In—More Prison-
ers Taken.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

FALLING WATERS, Saturday, July 11, 1863.
Information which I deem trustworthy indicates
that the Rebels have had a pontoon bridge sent
them from Martinsburg, and that Lee is now cross-
ing his army at Falling Waters.

We drove their pickets in this morning to St.
Joseph's College, on the Downsville Road. I do not
believe Lee can or will venture an engagement.

We captured one hundred prisoners, mostly Geor-
gians, yesterday. They are on the way down to
Frederick. Hon. Henry Wilson reached head-
quarters this noon.

Rebels Falling Back Toward Williams-
port—Where Lee will Fight if at All—
The Result of Skirmishing.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

BOONSBORO, Saturday, July 11—10 a. m.
This morning at daylight the enemy abandoned
the line of the Antietam and retreated toward Wil-
liamsport.

Citizens report that the Rebel generals told them
there would be no fighting unless at Williamsport.
Rebel pickets are still on the Hagerstown pike this
side of Funktown.

Before night Gen. Meade will know whether the
enemy will fight or retire.

All was quiet last night, and there is no sound
of guns up to this hour. Gen. Meade has his forces
ready to be used as may be necessary. The roads
are again in good condition, and the weather fine.

Col. Stoughton of the 4th Vermont was wounded
on the field during the skirmish of yesterday. His
wound is not serious. Forty-five men of the 6th
Corps were wounded yesterday. The 6th is the
only Corps that was engaged. The old Vermont
Brigade did most of the fighting. It was with diffi-
culty that the officers restrained the men from rush-
ing forward on the enemy, regardless of his numbers.

This entire army is burning with zeal to be led
against the Rebels.
J. R. S.
P. S.—Since the above dispatch was written, ap-
parently trustworthy information comes in that the
main body of Lee's army has fallen back into po-
sition on the neck of land opposite Falling waters.

Rebels Reported Retreating Toward Han-
cock.

A special dispatch to The American says:
BOONSBORO, July 12, 1863.
All is quiet this morning. It is reported that the
Rebels are retreating toward Hancock. All looks
well. Vice-President Hamlin and Senator Wilson
are on a visit to the army.

THE POSITION ON THE POTOMAC.



Occupation of Hagerstown.
HEADQUARTERS, July 12, 1863.
Today our right wing gradually pressed forward
on the Boonsboro and Hagerstown pike, and finally
entered and occupied Hagerstown, which we held
to-night. The enemy's force, which consisted prin-
cipally of cavalry, and two regiments of infantry,
made no determined resistance.

The Rebels fell back toward Williamsport, and
reconnoissances report that they are throwing up
intrenchments within two miles of Hagerstown.
The positions they now occupy are said to be of
great strategic strength. Elsewhere all has been
quiet.
T. N.

**The Evacuation of Hagerstown—They are
Short of Ammunition and Very Anxious
to Get Into Virginia.**
HAGERSTOWN, Md., Saturday, June 11.
The Rebels commenced evacuating Hagerstown
at six o'clock last evening. Their rear guard left at
nine this morning. Their army was divided into
three columns, each column marching in the direc-
tion of the Upper Potomac, taking three different
roads. Not a Rebel, wounded or well, was left
behind. The army had with it its entire supply
and ammunition train.

The Rebels had not built any earthworks in the
immediate vicinity of Hagerstown. They admitted
they were short of ammunition, and had a scarcity
of provisions. The citizens believe the enemy has
retreated to Williamsport, for the purpose of
effecting a crossing.

**The New Position of the Rebels—A Sharp
Skirmish.**
BOONSBORO, Md., Saturday, July 11—9 a. m.

All is quiet at the front this morning. During
last night the Rebels entirely changed their lines,
abandoning their position at the right from Funk-
town and Hagerstown, and falling back to St.
Joseph's College, four miles from the river. There
does not appear much prospect of a general engage-
ment to-day.

Our cavalry are at work feeling the new Rebel
lines.

This morning there was a sharp cavalry skirmish
on the Hagerstown road. We drove the Rebels
across the Antietam Creek and three miles beyond,
when the position at Funktown was discovered.

Skirmishing Near Chambersburg.
CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., July 11, 1863.
This town has indeed assumed a military ap-
pearance, both in activity and in more ways than it
is exactly judicious to mention.

Gen. Couch is stopping at the Franklin Hotel.
Skirmishes are prevalent in the direction and
neighborhood near here, but I do not think they
amount to more than the ordinary encounters in-
cident to a reconnaissance.

Activity at Shippensburg.
SHIPPENSBURG, Pa., July 11, 1863.
This place is alive with military business. A
large number of Rebel prisoners were sent from
here to Harrisburg to-night. Railroad communi-
cation ends here for the present, also telegraphic
communication.

The Situation.
BALTIMORE, July 12, 1863.
The position of the two armies is essentially un-
changed.

A special to The American, dated Headquarters,
Saturday night, says:
There has been no fighting to-day.

The enemy changed their picket line this morning,
giving rise to the report that they had abandoned
Funktown, which was magnified into a full retreat
and escape over the river. They were still in the
same position, and in full force. Our pickets are
now close to Funktown, and all along the line in
immediate proximity to the Rebels. Gen. Meade
has his forces all in position, and everything seems
ready either to receive or deliver battle. A battle
will probably not take place until Monday. The
army is in first-rate spirits, and moved into position
with cheers. The Maryland brigade is at the front,
eager to show their pluck. Our cavalry operations
continue very active, and the Rebels are circum-
scribed to a small extent of country for food and
forage.

**Skirmishing near Funktown—Chances for
Lee's Escape—The Dying Words of Private
Russell—Evacuation of the Rebels—
Hospitality of the Marylanders—The
Captors of the Rebel Gen. Trimble—
Richardson the Spy—The Army in
Splendid Condition.**
From Our Special Correspondent.
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR FUNKTOWN, Md.,
Friday night, July 10, 1863.

The sun went down to-night beneath a cloudless
horizon; to-morrow it may set dimmed and blurred
with the sulphurous smoke of battle. Battle fol-
lows battle in rapid succession, and "Victory" is
the watchword emblazoned on the national escutcheon.
Then welcome to the sanguinary conflict, welcome
to torn and mangled forms and lifeless lips, if by
the sacrifice a termination of this merciless war
and the prolongation of our unity as a great na-
tion may be secured.

As I write, the monotonous but tranquilizing
notes of myriads of crickets are falling to repose our
tired men, whose dreams are of "home, sweet
home," and not of the scenes of blood through
which they have yet to pass. The unpoetic frog
also "pitches his pipe" from Antietam Creek, giv-
ing still more dreariness to the hour.

Today the enemy stood at bay near Funktown,
which place he seems to have selected to give us
battle—if, indeed, he intends to renew his experi-
ments of Antietam and Gettysburg. Their advance,
which was near Boonsboro yesterday, retreated last
night, and it seems but reasonable to believe that
our army will enter Funktown to-morrow morning.

"Finding none to molest or make it afraid," Lee
must have had ample time for the construction of a
temporary bridge across the river, and could hope to
gain nothing by another battle, even should he suc-
ceed in holding us at bay. Besides, there is every
reason to suppose that we can disastrously defeat
him in which case but few of his army would ever
touch Virginia soil again. General officers believe
he will fight either at Funktown or Hagerstown,
and of course every proper disposition of our forces
has been made to pursue and engage him if possible.

The skirmishing to-day, at times, has been very
heavy. Our cavalry were at work by daybreak,
and with the artillery accompanying them, throw-
ing shells into the enemy's lines to remind him of
their continued attention to his rear. On the prin-
ciple of "small favors thankfully received," we
have reason to suppose that our attention was duly
reciprocated, since they responded promptly, but
fortunately doing but little injury to our cavalry.
Perhaps 60 in all, of men belonging to the cavalry
regiments engaged, were wounded, and but 4 or 5
were killed outright. A private of the 8th Illinois
was shot through the lungs, and brought to the hos-
pital for surgical treatment. His wound was a fatal
one, and he died intensely. I asked him for his
name, and he was Dussell; and inquiring as to the
nature of his wound, he replied that it was mortal,
and he did not expect to recover, but that he cared
not if we could prevent the escape of Lee across the
Potomac! I gazed upon the hero with veneration,
and as I gazed his lips grew colorless and the
death dew hung in trembling drops upon his brow.

I asked the surgeon if he could save him, but he
replied that he must die. It will be a source of
gratification and pride to his friends to know that
he died bravely and with his life's love for the Union
undimmed by long and arduous service in his
country's cause.

A considerable number of prisoners were cap-
tured to-day, including a field officer whose name I
have been unable to learn. The prisoners taken
affirm their belief that Lee intends to offer battle

before recrossing the river. They likewise state
that no lack of provisions or ammunition exists.
All along the roads from Boonsboro the people have
been driven, in many instances, of even the neces-
saries of life, and the invariable response, when
one asks at a farm-house to purchase either sub-
stance or forage, is: "Indeed, Sir, we haven't
got a bit; the Rebels cleaned us out when they
were here." A few, however, have something yet remaining, and do not hesi-
tate to barter freely to the soldiers. Maryland
bears off the palm for hospitality, as almost
every soldier can attest. Gifts and provisions are
hard at work every day and part of the night mak-
ing bread and pies, which, when not actually given
away, are sold at prices which do not sufficiently
remunerate them for their labor. The soldiers of
the Union army will long remember the hospitality
of "My Maryland," since their gentlemanly be-
havior gives evidence that it is sincerely appreciated.

The captors of the Rebel General Trimble at
Gettysburg seem to have been overlooked by the
press. To Lieut. Wm. A. McDowell and Sergeant
Gurney, of the 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry, belongs
the honor of his capture. Lieut. McDowell is Com-
missary of the regiment, and desiring to vary the
routine of his official duties, proposed to Sergeant
Gurney an expedition to the front to capture some
of the Rebels. After finding nine they were in-
formed that a Rebel officer was lying wounded in a
house situated about 3 miles from Gettysburg and
east of the Baltimore turnpike. They immediately
proceeded to the house and found General Trimble,
who was lying in bed with his leg amputated below
the knee, with Major Hall and Lieut. Grogan, of
Trimble's staff, all of whom Lieut. McDowell par-
oled, subject to the approval of Gen. Meade. On ask-
ing Trimble if he was connected with families of
that name in Baltimore, he replied in the affirma-
tive, and added, "I am from Quaker stock and have
no business to be here fighting." He wrote a note
to Gen. Meade, alluding therein to certain relations
of friendship which had formerly existed between
them, and asking that an ambulance be sent for him.
Gen. Meade promptly granted his request, remark-
ing that Trimble and he, before the war, were
intends.

Lieut. Gurney, the spy, hung near
Frederick, was cut down after hanging for three
days, and yesterday morning lay at the foot of the
tree on which he was executed in an advanced stage
of decomposition. His body had been entirely
stripped of clothing by soldiers who wished to carry
away mementoes; and the tree, a small locust, had
been denuded of its bark from the roots to the lower
branches. A few more executions under similar cir-
cumstances will rid our army of the presence of men
of his vocation.

The army is in fine spirits. As the troops came
marching up the front this morning the bands were
playing stirring airs, and every one seemed in the
best humor possible. The victory at Gettysburg
has wonderfully improved the morale of the men,
and has inspired implicit confidence in their Com-
manding General.

**Stahel's Cavalry at Work—Over 50 Prison-
ers Taken—Philadelphia City Troop—
Citizens at Gettysburg.**
From Our Special Correspondent.
HARRISBURG, Pa., July 9, 1863.

Stahel's cavalry, whether militia or otherwise,
seems destined to be successful. A company of the
1st regiment (Col. Wynkoop), sent out yesterday
toward Hagerstown on a reconnaissance, succeeded
in capturing a Rebel company of one officer, one lieut-
enant and 50 men. They were delivered over to the
Provost-Marshal at Carlisle. The First City Troop
of Philadelphia who have been doing service lately
in the field, and whose arrival here has been announ-

ced, are now at work on the river, and whose arrival here has been announ-

ed have been selected by Gen. Stahel to act as his
body-guard. The company now numbers about 75
men, owning their own horses, and are entitled to a
great deal of credit for the mainly way in which
they have come forward in this emergency.

There is more real stuff in this organization of
young gentlemen from Philadelphia than in many
regiments now in the field. Gen. Couch is about re-
moving his headquarters to Chambersburg or Ship-
penburg, so as to be near the scene of operations.
Gen. Smith, with a portion of Gen. Couch's force,
has pushed forward to Meade's army. No further
intelligence has reached here from the Army of the
Potomac. There are many persons passing through
the city on their way to Gettysburg. For the bene-
fit of those going out of mere curiosity, I may state
that all civilians found on the battle-field are imme-
diately pressed into the service, armed with a spear
and set to work burying men and horses.

Another fight is anticipated at or near Williams-
port. The impression seems to be gaining ground
that Lee, with the main part of his army, will suc-
ceed in safely recrossing the Potomac.

From the New-York 92d Regiment, N. G.—
Campaigning in Pennsylvania—Ter-
rific Storm—Fatal Accident from Car-
riage.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CAMP NEAR WATERSBORO, Pa., July 9, 1863.

My last was dated from Carlisle the morning after
the bombardment. After a day's rest we left that
place on the morning of the 4th, and proceeded to
Holly Springs, some eight miles distant, the entrance
to South Mountain Pass, where we were overtaken
by the most terrific rain storm I ever witnessed.
The rain came down in sheets; small rivulets that
one could jump across soon became mighty torrents,
tearing away bridges, overflowing roads, and car-
rying destruction in their path. Still the column
kept on its way, encountering broken wagons,
foundered horses, and smashed caissons every little
distance. On the column toiled until 10 p. m.,
through mud and darkness, when the expedition
halted, each regiment bivouacking by the roadside,
the companies collected in groups around their camp-
fires, wet, cold and hungry. Morning broke at last,
the rain, which had been descending heavily all
night, still continuing, and the column moved slowly
forward through the mud (wading, the waist deep),
the men utterly worn out and dispirited. For eight
days previously they had had scarcely any rest and
hardly half rations, and raw as they were, it told
terribly on them. Fully one-third of them were
barefoot, their right shoes having given out in walk-
ing through the mud and over the sharp stones. Many
of the officers were in the same condition. About 12
p. m. we reached Laurel Ford about 12 miles from Holly
Springs, and here we halted long enough to allow
the men to hastily bake some flour and toast some
bacon (the first meal in twenty-four hours), which
they ate ravenously. Leaving the main road, we
struck across a mountain path to a point about half
way to Bannockburn, where we rested for the night,
and through the exertions of our officers and the
hospitality of the neighboring farmers, we managed
to secure a good meal. At 2 p. m. the next day the
column started on its line of march, and kept on its
way until 11 p. m., when we halted, and the men
threw themselves down by the roadside to snatch a
few hours sleep. I climbed over a fence and lay
down near a section of it, in a wheat field. You may
judge of my surprise, on waking in the morning, to
find the fence completely gone—not a rail
remaining. The 11th New-York had come up
during the night, and taken it for their camp-
fires. You may suppose I was somewhat fatigued
when a fence could be taken down and a
camp fire built within 20 feet of my head, and I
know nothing of it. At 6 a. m. we started (for
breakfast) and marched about five miles, when we
halted for breakfast in a large meadow. Here hap-
pened one of those accidents which are the direct
result of carelessness. A member of the 23d Brooklyn
Regiment, engaged in priming his piece, with the
muzzle pointed toward the 25th Brooklyn Regiment,
carelessly exploded it, wounding private Peterson
(fatally in the bowels) and getting slightly in the arm
of Co. 1 of the 28th. The ball whistled past too
close to state as to the cause, and, not noticing the con-
fusion, I walked up to discover the cause, and
saw the poor fellow lying there with the blood
slowly welling from a wound in his bowels. The
ball had entered his back and passed entirely through
the body, coming out of the bowels in a large
leisurely groove. He was a resident of Williamsburg,
and leaves a wife and six children. A subscription
was taken up for his family, resulting in raising the
handsome little sum of \$1,000. The other wounded
man was doing well at last accounts. We took up
the line of march at 2 p. m., passing some broken
caissons, forges, spoiled ammunition, etc., evidences
of the enemy's having retreated. At 5 p. m. we
reached Laurel Ford, where we halted, and stop-
ped for the night in a grove in the outskirts of
Funktown (what a name!), with every prospect of
the column getting its long-needed rest. About 5 a.
m. I heard a heavy voice call out, "Wake up those
boys; they will be drowned out." We (myself and
comrades) had pulled a piece of shelter tent over us
the night before, and the rain was pouring in a tor-
rent down the back of my head and into my neck,
while my left side was lying in about 3 inches of
water. Everything was completely saturated, car-
tridges spoiled, and the roads completely cut up again.
About 5 p. m. we reached our present halting place,
and a very pretty little place it is, of about 1,500 in-
habitants. We are encamped at present in the out-
skirts, alongside a portion of the Sixth Army Corps,
under the command of Gen. W. F. Smith. The en-
emy is in force some 5 miles distant, but whether
an engagement will be the result I cannot say. In
any case, none will occur until the creeks fall
enough to be fordable. Letters and papers we
know nothing of—haven't seen one for a week. Our
position is a strong one, and the rumor is that Meade
will attack them either to-day or to-morrow in the
rear, while we endeavor to hold them in their front.

A MEMBER OF CO. C.

**The Cavalry Skirmish on Friday—List of
Killed and Wounded.**

From Our Special Correspondent.

NEAR FUNKTOWN, Md.,

3 P. M., Friday, July 10, 1863.

Buford's and Kilpatrick's cavalry have been en-
gaged all day in skirmishing with the enemy just
south of Funktown, where he seems to be inclined
to dispute our further advance.

Prisoners state their belief that Lee will again
offer battle in the vicinity of the town. This belief
is general, but he will escape if possible, without
venturing a general engagement. Meade will lose
no time in attacking him, and should he remain to-
morrow will witness the final defeat of his army.

The skelling has been quite brisk at times to-day,
and our infantry skirmishers have been busily en-
gaged with those of the enemy.

As I write everything in front is quiet, with the
exception of occasional picket firing. Our skir-
mishers are now within one mile of the town.
The casualties on our side to-day are small, the
most being in the skirmish.

Our cavalry yesterday were three miles
north of Boonsboro, and were this morning driven
back to their present position. Gregg's cavalry is
out on a reconnaissance.

The ground around Funktown is undulating,
with numerous and large patches of timber land, and
presents many advantages for the massing of troops
and the planting of batteries.

Gen. Meade's headquarters were at South Moun-
tain Pass last night.

The dead mules and horses along the roads from
Frederick are being burned by the military authori-
ties to-day.

The reception of the Union troops in Boonsboro
was cordial and enthusiastic.

As our troops came up this morning the bands
were playing lively and patriotic airs. Our men
are in an exuberant spirit, and confident of winning
another victory.
T. C. G.

Admiral Paulding's Son a Prisoner.
BOSTON, Saturday, July 11, 1863.
A letter received here says that Admiral Paulding's
son of the Sixth United States Cavalry, was taken
prisoner by the Rebels on Thursday.

**Invalid Soldiers at Boston—Arrival of a
Prize.**
BOSTON, Saturday, July 11, 1863.
The steamer S. R. Spaulding from Newfort, N.
C., with 400 invalid soldiers of the 43d, 46th and
51st Massachusetts Regiments, has arrived.
The prize steamer Britannia, captured by the
Santiago de Cuba, is coming up in charge of a prize
crew.